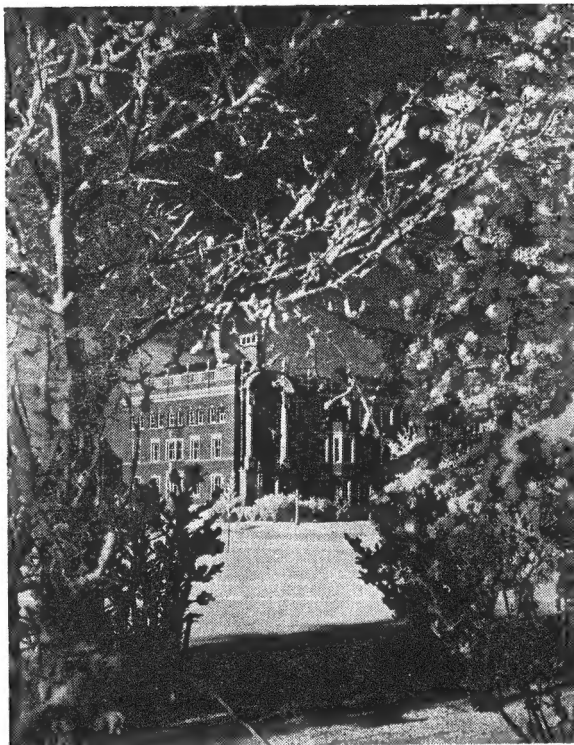


# *The New Trail*



VOLUME II.

NUMBER 1

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UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA, JANUARY, 1944

# Blazes!

being a guide to the contents of this issue.

|                                                                |       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| Margaret R Collins, <i>A Bit of Myself</i>                     | p. 30 |
| Libbie Lloyd Elsey, <i>Me and My Pigs</i>                      | p. 15 |
| C D. Gordon, <i>The Appeasement Policy of the Roman Empire</i> | p. 8  |
| A. G McCalla, <i>Titan—A New Feed Barley</i>                   | p. 13 |
| Jules Tuba, <i>Alberta Sources of Vitamin C</i>                | p. 11 |

---

|                                                       |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Friends of the University, <i>First Annual Report</i> | p. 1 |
| <i>Ben Adhem's Name</i>                               | p. 3 |

---

|                                 |       |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| <i>New Physics Laboratories</i> | p. 32 |
| <i>New Scholarships</i>         | p. 25 |

---

|                                 |       |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| G B Taylor, <i>Alumni Notes</i> | p. 35 |
| <i>In the Wide, Wide World</i>  | p. 39 |

---

|                                    |       |
|------------------------------------|-------|
| <i>Editorial, Quisquis Alumnus</i> | p. 20 |
| <i>Midwinter</i>                   | p. 21 |
| <i>The Editor Says</i>             | p. 23 |

---

|                                                             |       |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| <i>Around the Campus</i>                                    | p. 26 |
| <i>Honor Roll</i>                                           | p. 28 |
| <i>In Memoriam: John W. Shipley, Wilfred Ernest Cornish</i> | p. 34 |

## *Friends of the University*

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### FIRST ANNUAL REPORT

The movement known as "The Friends of the University of Alberta" sprang up spontaneously in 1943. It was first suggested at a dinner meeting of the Edmonton branch of the Alumni Association early in the year when a score of persons formed the nucleus of the movement. The Treasurer now has on hand \$988.32, representing the first annual pledges of 70 persons and organizations. At three percent, this amount would represent an endowment of roughly \$33,000.

The idea of the Friends grew out of a sense of the incalculable value of the University to the Province and to Canada, out of a conviction that a democratic world must be built on universal enlightenment, and out of a realization that the ordinary man in the street would like to do something to show his hand and his heart but lacks the financial means to do anything effective. It was felt that an association of little fellows whose hearts were right, each contributing a nominal sum of five dollars a year, could exert a leverage for good equal to the leverage of the big fellow with millions at his command. Nor would such an association inhibit the generosity of those who can afford more.

The Friends believe that no sums are too great to be spent on education and research. Budgets that depend upon popular vote, however, are unlikely to approach even present needs—and few voices in budgetary discussions speak for the future. The University has no complaint to make concerning the generosity of the Province; the very existence of the University with its five million dollar investment is a testament to the vision of successive legislatures. But need is the perennial condition of every institution of higher learning. The Friends hope to ease the strains and stresses, to provide extras, for a University that has proved that it can do good and inspiring work.

The Friends organization has been accepted and authorized by the Board of Governors with the following persons acting as Executive Committee: Frank Pike, Chairman, Clem L. King, Treasurer, L. Y. Cairns, D. E. Cameron, R. J. Dinning, R. K. Gordon, Robert Newton, F. M. Salter, R. F. Shaner.

The Committee has authorized the purchase by the University Library of a copy of Saccardo's *Sylloge Fungorum*, a book which is described in "Ben Adhem's Name," an article that accompanies this report. They have also authorized the purchase of a research microscope for the use of Dr. H. E. Rawlinson of the Department of Anatomy. Readers of *The New Trail* will recall Dr. Rawlinson's article on "Cancer as a Biological Problem" in

the April, 1943, issue, and they will be glad to learn that his hands are now strengthened for the important work he is doing. A curious illustration of the broader influence of the Friends idea is given by the fact that a collection of seven hundred scholarly books that were homeless was offered to the University if transportation were guaranteed. The Friends immediately accepted the offer, but their enthusiasm stirred a reciprocal enthusiasm at the other end where the community rallied to provide a local habitation for the hitherto unappreciated library.

At their meeting on November 29, 1943, the Executive Committee of the Friends decided to initiate, as funds become available, scholarships which would bring good students to the University. The importance of such scholarships to the future of a democratic world need hardly be discussed.

A further list of Friends of the University, supplemental to that published in *The New Trail* of July, 1943, follows. It may be remarked in passing that the Board of Governors has recommended that all Friends of the University should automatically receive *The New Trail*; their interest in the University proves that this "quarterly report of campus activities" would be welcome to them.

#### ADDITIONAL FRIENDS

|                           |                                |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| A. G. Andrews             | C. L. King                     |
| C. D. Asplund             | J. Lawrence                    |
| James Brodey              | M. I. Lieberman                |
| Lieut. L. J. Brown        | C. Margolus                    |
| H. P. Brown               | R. C. Marshall                 |
| Dr. W. P. Calhoun         | M. M. MacIntyre                |
| D. E. Cameron             | John McNeill                   |
| R. Cohen                  | Mildred Folinsbee Newell, M.D. |
| Lillian Cobb              | Peggy O'Connor                 |
| Lieut.-Col. E. W. Cormack | Frank Pike                     |
| Dr. A. A. Curtin          | R. H. Settle                   |
| John D. Dower             | R. F. Shaner                   |
| A. F. Duncan, K.C.        | Alberta M. Sheppy              |
| S. W. Field, K.C.         | J. L. Squance                  |
| H. A. Friedman            | F. Swartz                      |
| C. D. Gordon              | R. Torrance                    |
| L. D. Hyndman, K.C.       | H. Weisler                     |
| C. Johnson                |                                |

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\*The Secretary of the Friends of the University is Clem L. King, Executive Assistant to the President, who will be glad to receive subscriptions or to answer inquiries.

## *Ben Adhem's Name*

P. A. Saccardo: *Sylloge fungorum omnium hucusque cognitorum*.

There is said to be only one copy of this book in Canada. It consists of twenty-five volumes and some 25,000 pages, published from 1882 to 1931. It is out of print, but recently an incomplete copy—lacking three volumes—was offered for \$1,800. It is a standard work on fungi, containing detailed descriptions of all species known to science up to about 1930.

What of it?

Is there any reason why anybody should pay \$2,500 for a book about fungi? Is there any reason why anybody should be so interested in toadstools and mushrooms and puffballs as to pay a price like that? We could see a good many movies for \$2,500! \$2,500 would buy God's chillun a great many pairs of shoes. Fungi seem to be an expensive hobby.

All God's chillun were born, however—and a drug originally extracted from a fungus is widely used in childbirth. Most of God's chillun eat bread—it can hardly be made without yeast which is a fungus. Many of the chillun like a glass of beer—yeast again. Cheese is very tasty—we hire fungi to make it. Sometimes we fall sick because there are fungi—and because there are fungi we recover. In short, every human being is directly affected by fungi. Not that everybody ought to make studies of them in a frantic desire for self-improvement and self-protection; but it does imply that somebody has to know about them for the protection and welfare of us all. And the more that is known by such experts, the better.

By definition, fungi are a group of plants which lack the green coloring matter called chlorophyll and which are unable to synthesize carbohydrates from the carbon dioxide of the air. That is to say, they are dependent upon other plants and animals, living or dead, for their supplies of synthesized, or organized, food, these being for the most part carbohydrates and organic compounds of nitrogen. When fungi obtain these ready-made compounds from living organisms, they are called parasites; when they obtain them from dead remains, they are called saprophytes. The species of fungi are extremely numerous, well over 100,000, and they vary in size from large toadstools and mushrooms to members of the group so small that they can only be seen with a microscope. Many of the latter can be distinguished from bacteria only by their filamentary, or thread-like, form.

In several ways fungi concern people. In the first place, many of them are edible and tasty. In Canada, only one of the mushrooms is commercially produced; but in Europe many of them are eagerly sought after, including the underground, tuber-like truffle. Although mushrooms and puffballs are quickly perishable, Alberta squirrels store several species of them on the branches of trees and eat them in winter. The ingenuity of men ought to equal that of squirrels! A study of the mushrooms of Alberta, and of methods of preserving them for the market, might yield us a new natural resource of some value.

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\*Without the generous help of Mrs. E. S. Keeping, Dr. E. H. Moss, and Dr. G. B. Sanford, this article could not have been prepared.

Not only is the fungus of food value in itself, but it makes possible many foods without which life would not be so pleasant. To the action of fungi, we owe beer, bread, cheese, vinegar, and other articles of diet. In Alberta, for the most part, we confine ourselves to the manufacture of one not very interesting type of cheese. Many kinds of cheese are possible. Possible, that is, if we know something about the kinds of fungi necessary and how to put them to work. In England, formerly, farmers who made Cheshire cheese, sometimes found a green cheese in the lot. They never knew or understood how the green cheese came to exist, but it was very highly prized for its flavor. They could not produce a green cheese at will; it just happened. The specialist in fungi could explain at once what species is needed for inoculation of cheese to produce gorgonzola, roquefort, or what you will.

In a second way, fungi are of interest to man: they cause disease of all kinds not only in human beings but also in domestic animals, and they invade both flower gardens and harvest fields.

In man himself a great many skin diseases, some of which are extremely persistent and difficult to cure, are due to fungi. Athlete's foot is perhaps one of the worst. It is not to be lightly disregarded: men have been rejected from the U.S. army because of chronic athlete's foot, and it is said that at the University of California, fifty percent of the women and sixty percent of the men suffer from this irritating and distressing ailment. It will persist for years in spite of continuous treatment and in spite of frequent disinfection of shoes and stockings. Other types of skin disease, like the various types of ringworm, also due to fungi, may not be so persistent, but are rather disgusting.

Deep-seated ailments due to fungi are not very common in Canada, but many of them exist in tropical countries. Lesions of the lungs, comparable to tuberculosis, are due to fungoid growths, and the disease known as madura foot—although it attacks all parts of the body—is well known in the Southern States. In Canada, perhaps the best known of the deep-seated fungus diseases is one which is fatal to cattle, lumpy jaw.

In addition to skin affections and deep-seated fungus diseases, there are of course fungus allergies; and hay fever may be caused by fungi whose spores at some seasons of the year fill the air.

The present condition of medical mycology—that is, of the medical study of fungi—is very unsatisfactory. In the absence of widespread knowledge of described species, there is a natural tendency among medical men to ascribe every new case of skin disease and of various internal diseases to a new fungus, and a great deal of work in classification still needs to be done. It is also possible that some unrecognized effects of fungi exist.

Since many fungi are parasitic, it follows that great damage can be done to food crops by them. Fifty-seven individual rusts have been identified that attack our wheat alone; other cereal crops are subject to still other rusts; and there seem to be hundreds of smuts. One fungus is known to cause a disease of cabbage seedlings, another is responsible for warts and tumor-like swellings on potatoes, while a third brings similar lesions to the roots of both forage plants and vegetables. Root rots in garden plants and the damping off of seedlings, so distressing and so financially painful to horticulturists, are due to various fungi in the soil. Fungi also cause apple scab and potato scab and blights too numerous to catalogue, so that the farmer and gardener and fruit

grower must wage a continual war against a multitudinous and omnipresent enemy. The experience of the field crops expert with rusts is typical, for often as quickly as a rust-resistant wheat is developed, the rusts adapt themselves to new conditions—and the battle begins all over again. Nor does man always win: "late blight" depopulated Ireland a century ago and altered the course of history, for the emigration of thousands on thousands of the Irish was due to the potato famine which was due to a fungus.

Even after the crops have been gathered in, fungi may remain at work competing with man for his food. Every housewife has had experience of moulds on stored vegetables, and moulds are fungi. They attack also all sorts of canned foods, and they are not unwilling to destroy even clothing and leather.

Saprophytic fungi, those which live on dead organic matter, even compete with us for our houses, destroying the lumber in our lumber yards and the frames of our dwellings with dry rot. These fungi are especially costly to us in coal mines where the warmth and damp so favor their growth that they make short work of pit props. Many a miner has lost his life because of props no longer capable of supporting the roof.

It might perhaps be expected that as being in themselves of food value and as enemies to other food crops, fungi should first have drawn the attention of plant pathologists. The story of research into fungi is, on the whole, a recent one. As late as 1931, plant pathologists discovered certain striking antagonisms between one fungus and another, and between certain fungi and some of the bacteria that also attack food plants and flowering herbs. A great deal of experimental work has since been done that proves that many plant root diseases can be cured by impregnating the soil with specific fungi. All living organisms throw off certain chemical by-products; it is the chemical by-products of the fungi that are capable of killing or inhibiting the growth of the particular other fungi or bacteria to which they are antagonistic.

In another way fungi are useful to agricultural experts. They can be used as a means of measuring the fertility of the soil. As the life cycles of many of the fungi are brief—from twenty-four hours to two weeks—it is possible by means of fungi to test the fertility of soil samples quickly and accurately.

Fungi have also been used recently to test and measure vitamins, especially of the B complex. Some fungi are capable of manufacturing their own vitamins; others are not. The latter must draw their vitamins ready prepared from the organisms or decayed matter on which they live. Taken into the laboratory, these fungi can be used to measure accurately the very minute quantities of the vitamins necessary to their existence.

Although plant pathologists had indicated that antagonisms exist between individual fungi and between some fungi and some bacteria, it is only recently that medical biochemists have taken up the suggestion. The result is a new "wonder" drug, penicillin, developed in London by Dr. Fleming. Penicillin is simply a drug extracted from the fungus known as *Penicillium notatum*, which gives off a chemical which has an inhibiting effect on many pathogenic, or disease-producing, bacteria. Some enthusiasts now go so far as to predict that we may find among the fungi a specific that can be used against every known pathogenic bacterium. This is of course to expect too much; but it is likely that we shall yet discover through fungi many chemical

by-products that will be of great service to man. These chemicals, first extracted from the fungi themselves, will be submitted to chemical analysis, and finally, we hope, synthetically reproduced.

It will be evident that every human life is affected both directly and indirectly by the existence of fungi on this earth. It will also be evident that in the battle for food and in the war on disease, the mycologist, or specialist in fungi, is a most necessary expert. An informed society would be grateful to him and strengthen his hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

The fact of the matter is, however, that there is no copy in Alberta of the great work of Saccardo, a work that is of basic importance to mycologists. Saccardo describes in detail and gives careful drawings of *fungorum omnium hucusque cognitorum*—"of all fungi up to this time known." As the years advanced from the date of the first of the twenty-five volumes, 1882, scientists all over the world sent in descriptions, drawings, photographs, and specimens, so that Saccardo's great work has become invaluable, indispensable to mycologists everywhere—and there is no copy in Alberta. There seems to be no copy in Canada west of Ottawa.

Medical mycologists at the University of Alberta are therefore compelled to make cultures of new specimens—sent to them by doctors and hospitals all over the province—and forward the cultures to Ottawa for identification. Plant pathologists at the University are similarly handicapped. One agricultural expert, making a study of the diseases which attack alfalfa and clover roots, actually had to go to Minneapolis, as the nearest place where he could consult Saccardo's work.

The importance of the labors of the consulting medical mycologist need hardly be described, but the agricultural mycologist perhaps needs a word. Alfalfa and clover are basic crops to our whole livestock industry. In direct uses, as fodder for horses and cattle, our clover and alfalfa are worth millions of dollars a year; but they are also used indirectly in manufacturing layer mash for chickens and nitrogenous feeding mixtures for calves and pigs. Once seeded, a stand of clover or alfalfa ought to last many years, but they are subject to a root rot that destroys whole fields. The field crops expert is only too willing to get on with his job of saving this precious crop, but when he has to travel thousands of miles to consult a book, he is laboring under serious difficulties. Obviously, he cannot intelligently attack the enemy until he knows the enemy's identity. But it is not only to agricultural experts and medical men that Saccardo is of value; he is of value also to brewers, bakers, cheese makers, manufacturers of vinegar, and many others directly or indirectly.

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Recently the Custodian of Alien Property in the United States permitted the reproduction of many alien publications. Among these was Saccardo whose copyrights are held in Pavia, Italy. The U.S. Bureau of Plant Industry at Beltsville, Maryland, promptly issued an offer to reproduce Saccardo by photographic offprint at the rate of \$200 per copy if one hundred subscribers could be found. This was an opportunity that set hearts beating fast in several departments of the University of Alberta—but \$200 was more than even the combined departmental library budgets would allow.



The Librarian therefore appealed to the Friends of the University. His request was promptly met. The University has now subscribed for a copy of Saccardo—and in so doing may assist ninety-nine other subscribers to get a copy of this priceless work. The actual cost to the Friends, however, will be only about \$120, for the Philosophical Society of the University had already placed some surplus funds on deposit with the Librarian for just such an emergency.

Who are the Philosophical Society, and who are the Friends? The Philosophical Society is the oldest club on the campus. It is interested in philosophy in the broadest sense of the term, and holds five or six meetings during the academic year at which papers are read on all sorts of subjects by invited speakers. The club is open to membership by anybody on or off the campus; and as some expenses are incurred—for printing programs and for janitor service, etc.—it has a small annual fee—usually about a quarter for students and a dollar for others.

The Friends of the University of Alberta is, on the other hand, the youngest of University clubs. The Friends hold no meetings whatever, except those of the Executive. Any person in the University itself, in Edmonton, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, or the world may become a Friend. All that is necessary is to send in an annual subscription to be used for buying Saccardo-like things. The amount of the subscription is nominally five dollars, but the Friends will refuse no amount—and the sky is the limit! In time the Friends organization, which sprang up spontaneously this year, hopes to supply scholarships, research tools, instruments for the improvement of teaching; it will throw a bridge, however slim and rickety, across the gap between what our generous Alberta Government can afford, and what the heart would desire for the students and the people of Alberta.

The Friends seem to have made a wise choice in their first expenditure. It is important that the men who stand behind the battle front of our wars against disease and for food, should have the tools to work with. It is important that the University should be in a position to lend speedy help to farmers, dairymen, manufacturers, and even housewives.

In the poem by Leigh Hunt, Ben Adhem's name was not one that the Angel had listed among those that loved the Lord. When Ben Adhem asked that it be recorded as that of one who loved his fellow men,

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night  
It came again with a great wakening light,  
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,  
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

The Friends of the University are men who love their fellow men. Like faith, love without works is dead. The Friends of the University are not merely name-friends of man: their subscriptions prove their love and make possible inspiring labors for the good of us all.



## *The Appeasement Policy of the Roman Empire*

By C. D. GORDON

During the twenty years between wars a foreign policy was followed by all the great democratic powers of the world, not in itself dangerous but allowed to go to such lengths as very nearly to destroy our civilization. The word "appeasement" today is anathema to us all, associated as it is with the almost wilful blindness of Chamberlain, Daladier, *et al*, but this purchasing of temporary peace by non-aggression pacts, trade treaties, political concessions, or even outright gifts and loans of cash and produce is by no means a new policy in the history of Europe. In studying ancient history the advantage of a bird's eye view, so to speak, allowing an unobstructed and unprejudiced survey of the whole field is apparent. So it is interesting to look at the whole experiment of appeasement from its first beginnings to its disastrous end, the causes and the working and the results, in the Roman Empire.

As democratic powers were sick of war after 1914-18, so were the peoples of the central and older parts of the Roman Empire after the destructive civil wars of the first century B.C. From Augustus' time until the death of Marcus Aurelius more than 200 years later, no lasting wars afflicted the greater part of the civilized world. Occasional brief revolts and *coups d'état*, and the almost continuous news of the fighting on the frontiers alone upset the tranquility and contentment of the average man. The soldiers who during this period were pushing outward the bounds of Roman territory were professionals and were seldom seen in the settled parts of the Empire. This period was, moreover, one of profound changes, economically, politically, and spiritually, all contributing to the growing pacifism of the people. Gibbon notoriously lays the blame on the growing Christian church for this attitude and its consequences in the fall of the Empire; more modern scholars say the ever more brittle and authoritarian economic and political organization was at fault. However that may be, this extreme pacifism, coupled with their long respite from war, resulted in the peoples in the older parts of the Empire becoming not only unwilling to fight but virtually useless as warriors. And so the emperors came to rely more and more on the more savage frontier tribesmen, both from within and from without the actual bounds of the Empire, to fight their wars. But finding these mercenaries often dangerous to use, especially against their brother tribes, the rulers adopted to an ever greater extent the expedient of buying off with the rich treasures of their empire, the marauding clans at its gates.

It is difficult to follow this policy of appeasement in its early stages, the historical references being scanty to say the least, but

it seems to have been used in a small and thoroughly common-sense way at least as far back as the time of Julius Caesar. To avoid taking on combinations of tribes with which he could not easily deal in battle, he more than once Hitlerized one tribe with bribes and promises while he beat the others. Then in standard dictator fashion, he turned on the first. Later on we find small sums being paid to tribes on the Germanic border to keep them friendly and passive. These seem to have worked very well, very much as the treaty money paid to the Indians in this country did or as the similar arrangements on the North-West frontier of India do today. The army could thus be concentrated in large camps ready to deal with any tribes that stepped out of line, but not nearly as strong as would have been necessary to continually police the whole frontier. Apparently very general after Trajan's campaigns put an end to the expansion of the Empire, this policy only got out of hand during the long civil wars of the third century A.D., following the death of Marcus Aurelius.

Then, the armies being used by the numerous contenders for the imperial crown for their own personal ambitions, the foreign policy, when anyone could find time to pay attention to it, was one of appeasement in its worst form. At all costs invaders and outside enemies had to be bought off so that the current emperor could save his armies for more personal contests. Even after these civil wars abated under the strong rulers of the Constantine dynasty, the war weariness of the people was more pronounced than ever and the Empire too weak and impoverished for the armies to be thrown into a foreign war.

But now, instead of divided and relatively small and weak tribes, Rome had to contend with strong powers on her frontiers equal to the Empire in military might. The first of these was the remarkable city of Palmyra which had gained enormous strength almost over night under the leadership of the amazing Zenobia. Her armies in the middle of the third century all but won the whole of the southeastern portion of the Empire by dint of threats and appeasement of her by the short-lived Roman rulers of the day. Only at the last moment was she beaten in war and her upstart city as quickly erased for all times from the map.

In the east, the age-old power of Parthia was rapidly reviving and soon was on a parity with that of Rome. Almost endless border clashes and many more serious wars were fought with her over the course of several centuries. And this in spite of the fact that the Eastern Emperors almost without exception attempted, by enormous yearly tribute, to buy her neutrality and good will, and instead steadily lost territory to her. Never, though at times the treasury was nearly bankrupted, did this policy achieve any sort of permanent result.

Perhaps the best example of what a foreign policy should not be is furnished by the dealings with Attila, the famous king of the Huns. This mysterious and savage potentate appeared on the frontiers of the Empire in the fifth century, backed by an enormous if loose confederacy of tribes. After some border clashes he was subsidized and bought off with gold, spices, and other treasures of the civilized world in what had become the usual manner. Each year he unscrupulously raised his demands until he had all but milked the treasuries of the whole Eastern and Western Empires dry. And then, no doubt thinking that he could get no more, he easily marched across the border to loot for himself. Only after sacking and utterly destroying several cities, even in Italy itself, was he ultimately beaten in battle and, fortunately for Rome, killed. His empire collapsed with him. Once more, though fabulous sums had been paid out, nothing was achieved by large scale appeasement except impoverishment and defeat.

Born of military weakness, appeasement, when it reaches the stage it had now reached in the Roman Empire, encourages and increases the same weakness. As larger and more frequent demands were made on the treasury, and as taxes and discontent grew, neither the subsidies nor the mercenary armies could be paid. Slowly at first and then more quickly, territorial concessions were made and the provinces fell away and the great Empire broke up as a political entity.

In drawing parallels between antiquity and our own times the differences must not be forgotten; appeasement was the policy of Roman rulers as autocratic as any in the world today, while with us it was the policy of the democracies. In both cases, however, the policy was the outcome of an almost universal frame of mind in the people, not one framed alone by the rulers. As such it is not for us to blame our Chamberlains and Baldwins, but to look to ourselves for our hardly-avoided disaster. If history can teach us, we can learn from Rome the full falsity of temporary peace bought with our national security and self-respect.



## *Alberta Sources of Vitamin C*

BY JULES TUBA

Man has realized for centuries that the absence from the diet of certain foods has deleterious effects on the health. Long before "vitamin" became a household word, it was known that on sea voyages the lack of fresh foods would eventually result in outbreaks of scurvy.

Every Canadian school child has heard in history classes of the difficulties of the early discoverers in this matter. Parkman, in his book, *Pioneers of France in the New World*, tells of Cartier and his men that, "A malignant scurvy broke out among them. Man after man went down before the hideous disease until twenty-five were dead, and only three or four were left in health." It is further related by Parkman that a decoction of an evergreen, called "amedá," and now thought to be a spruce, saved the lives of the remaining men. For some time after Cartier, mariners continued to live on salt meat and hard tack, and, as a result, to suffer from scurvy.

Gradually, the incidence of scurvy, which was considered an occupational disease on long voyages, was decreased by various remedies. Captain James Cook recorded in his Journal for April 13, 1769, that "The ship's company had been in general very healthy, owing in a great measure to the Sour krout, Portable Soup and Malt." Occasionally from 1600 on, the crews of British ships were kept from scurvy by a ration of lemon juice. In 1804 the British Navy made a regular issue of lemon juice compulsory. Though lemon juice was used, it was also called "lime juice," and the sailors "limeys."

Severe scurvy has been a problem on dry land as well as on the seas. It was a common disease among the poor until the latter part of the eighteenth century, by which time the potato was cultivated on a large scale. Severe scurvy is now rare among Canadians. This is a condition where the gums swell and bleed easily, the teeth become loose and fall out, and a slight bruise causes heavy bleeding under the skin, especially on the legs, arm, and trunk. Early or "latent" scurvy is accompanied by a tendency to bleed easily, some anemia, and less resistance to infection.

It was not until 1907-1912 that Holst and his co-workers proved that scurvy is the result of a lack in the diet of a substance known as vitamin C. The crystalline material has been isolated from various plant sources and it is also synthesized in the laboratory. The vitamin is also known as ascorbic acid, because of its antiscorbutic properties and its acid nature.

One would expect that with the wider knowledge of vitamins, one would rarely find these substances lacking in diets. Yet a survey conducted by the Department of Biochemistry in this University, among the students in one of the residences, showed that except for the months from June to October inclusive, the daily intake of vitamin C was inadequate. A dietary survey in Edmonton, also by the Department of Biochemistry, showed that the vitamin C in the diet was 90% of the Canadian Dietary standard. Although the inadequacy of the vitamin in these surveys is not

marked, with the shortage of certain foods, due to war conditions, it might become more pronounced.

Many European countries have been striving for years to ensure self-sufficiency in the matter of ascorbic acid. Norway has become self-sufficient as a result of a nutritional program carried on from 1934 to 1939. This has been partly effected by using rose hips, powdered, as jams, and as juices, commercially and on a national scale. Certain other fruits such as the cloudberry, or baked-apple berry, have been used. According to information received by the Department of Biochemistry, although Norway is suffering from malnutrition and its attendant ill-effects, there is no evidence of scurvy.

The U.S.S.R. has carried on a great program of self-sufficiency in the same matter. The Russian scientists have utilized rose hips, germinating seeds, pine needles, native fruits, jams from native berries, and green walnuts. In fact, during the siege of Leningrad, scurvy was avoided by the use of decoctions from evergreen needles. Great Britain, also, has carried on an extensive program, depending to a large extent on rose hips and some native grown fruits such as blackberries. The rose hips have been harvested in the fall and made into jams and syrups. Bulletins have been issued, including some to the W.V.S. for Civil Defense, which give instructions for making such preparations.

In Canada our winter supplies of vitamin C have been dependent to a large extent on imported citrus fruits. Shortages of these have made it necessary to consider other sources. It is peculiarly suitable in a province which has as its emblem the wild rose, that there are large quantities available of the ripe fruit or hips of wild roses. This source is the richest one known anywhere.

Both rose hips and evergreens, widely spread winter sources of vitamin C, have been investigated in the Department of Biochemistry. Spruce needles contain, weight for weight, three to four times as much vitamin as orange juice. Teas or decoctions made from this material should be used soon after preparation, for the ascorbic acid content decreases on standing. The flesh of the rose hip contains the vitamin: the seeds contain only negligible amounts and should be discarded. The wet flesh of ripe hips of wild roses contains from twenty-five to seventy times as much vitamin C as an equivalent weight of orange juice. Dried powders obtained from rose hip flesh have been prepared containing up to about a hundred times the level for oranges. A further amazing fact about rose hips is the remarkable stability of the vitamin C it contains. The ripe fruit on the bushes maintains a high level of ascorbic acid until spring. The dried powders and other preparations show the same resistance to deterioration of this substance so necessary in the diet. A jelly was made by boiling hips, with water just sufficient to cover, for 15 minutes; the fruits were crushed to a pulp, put through a jelly-bag of Canton flannel, and sugar was added. This jelly maintained its vitamin C content over a period of 11 months, although it was stored under ordinary household conditions. There are available recipes for utilizing rose hips as jams and jellies, alone or combined with other fruits, as powders, purées, and syrups. In various European countries such preparations have been made for decades, and it

would be very desirable to have Canadians become more aware of the value of rose hips used in these ways.

During the past summer the more common Alberta wild fruits were studied with regard to their vitamin C content. The native fruits which contained as rich amounts of the vitamin as orange juice or richer were hawthorn berries, strawberries, gooseberries, black currants, and red currants. One sample of baked-apple berries was obtained, and this contained about twice as much as orange juice; these berries, however, are scarce in Alberta. Some of the most commonly found berries contained somewhat less ascorbic acid than orange juice but still appreciable quantities. The following contain ascorbic acid in increasing amounts: choke cherry, high bush cranberry and Saskatoon berry.

It is of interest to note that certain edible wild greens contain important amounts of vitamin C. These include dandelions, lambsquarters, and nettles, in which the vitamin is respectively two, three, and four times more plentiful than in oranges. These are available for supplements to the diet in the early spring before garden produce can be obtained.

It should be evident from the foregoing that many parts of the province are self-sufficient in the matter of vitamin C. As a result, there should be no occasion for lack of this substance due to shortages of various foods which heretofore have supplied a large part of this vitamin in the diet.

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## *Titan---A New Feed Barley*

By A. G. McCalla

Very strong straw, upright habit of growth, and a high degree of resistance to loose smut are the outstanding characteristics of a variety of feed barley developed by the Department of Field Crops for initial distribution this year. The variety has been named "Titan." It is a selection from a cross between Trebi, a high-yielding, rough-awned variety, and Glabron, a smooth-awned variety which, under Alberta conditions, has yielded poorly. The original cross was made in 1928, and this particular strain was selected in 1936. It is exclusively a feed barley, as tests have shown it to be of poor malting quality. It has been very extensively tested in western Canada and may be known to some readers under its old designation, "U. of A. 8."

There are so many varieties of barley now available to the farmer that a new one should be introduced only after it has been shown to possess features marking definite improvement over existing types. There was a time when increased yield was enough to justify a new variety, but those days are gone. A huge step forward was made when smooth-awned varieties were introduced, as not only the ease of handling the crop, but also the feed value of the straw, was greatly increased when barbed beards were eliminated. There are now many such varieties, and any farmer growing barley for feed but not using one of these varieties is certainly not taking advantage of an important result of plant-breeding.

The smooth-awned varieties as a class are all more or less related in that the smooth beards are traceable to a selection made from barley which originated in Russia. They all are, or at least have been, susceptible to the disease known as loose smut, but the degree of susceptibility varies. Newal, which was introduced by this department in 1935, must be classed as very susceptible to this disease, while Glabron, one of the parents of the new variety, is quite resistant. Titan appears to have inherited the resistance of its parents to this disease. In tests carried out in 1937, 1938, 1940, and 1942, the average percentage infection of Titan compared with that of each of the more common varieties was as follows: Titan, 0.4%; Trebi, 1.0%; Glabron, 2.6%; O.A.C. 21, 6.6%; Regal, 11.2%; Olli, 25.0%; and Newal, 32.9%. Plush and Sanalta were each tested for three years and gave results much like those for Newal. This characteristic of Titan, we believe, may be the variety's greatest attraction to those farmers who have suffered losses from the disease.

Several of the smooth-awned varieties have fairly strong straw and are improvements in this respect on the old standard O.A.C. 21 and similar varieties. Nevertheless, when grown on summerfallow, especially in the parkland sections of the province, most of them show decided weakness. With the great increase in combining which has occurred during the past three years, strength of straw becomes of much greater importance than ever before. Titan possesses exceedingly strong straw. It has invariably given better results in this respect than the older varieties, regardless of where it has been grown. Strength is estimated on a scale from 0-10 with 10 being perfect. Under irrigation in southern Alberta Titan in 1941 scored an average of 7.8, while Trebi and Newal, the commonly grown varieties, scored 1.3 and 1.8 respectively. The advantages of strong straw need not be detailed for any farmer.

Even when O.A.C. 21 and Newal stand up well, they "nod." In fact, most varieties show this nodding characteristic. Nodding often makes cutting unpleasant, even though no actual lodging occurs. It is a manifestation of weakness in the upper part of the stem or, as we say, the varieties have weak necks. If O.A.C. 21 is left to get very ripe, this weakness results in the loss of many heads, since they break off at the neck. Newal, although it nods badly, does not show the same tendency to break, but some loss may occur. Titan, on the other hand, stands upright even when fully ripe. This characteristic should be advantageous both in combining and in binding.

Over a period of years Titan has yielded somewhat better than O.A.C. 21 and Olli, but less than Newal, Sanalta, or Trebi. Experimental results, however, favor weaker varieties, because we harvest all material regardless of its condition. In the field the disease resistance and strength of Titan will undoubtedly improve its relative yield as compared with those of other varieties, but it is not rated as equal to the highest yielding of them.

Titan ripens about two or three days earlier than Newal, although the appearance of ripeness of the straw is apt to be very misleading. It is five or six days later than Olli, which is at present our earliest commercial variety.



One of the greatest objections to the Trebi variety has always been its very coarse, rough hull. Fortunately, Titan does not inherit this characteristic. Trebi is also very low in protein content, a disadvantage from the feeder's point of view. Titan is intermediate between Newal and Trebi in this respect and should, we believe, make satisfactory feed.

Regardless of the extent of testing carried out with a new variety, no one can predict with assurance that it will succeed in meeting the demands of the farmer. Before a new variety is introduced, this department tries to make certain that it has a reasonable chance of becoming popular. Titan is no exception. It has outstanding characteristics, the importance of which has been emphasized during the past two years. The final test will come when farmers have had an opportunity of growing it. For the coming year such opportunity will be largely confined to registered seed growers since distribution to such growers appears to be the most efficient way of getting a bulk of seed available in a short time. We believe the variety has a place and hope that it may contribute to the welfare of the farmer.

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## *Me and My Pigs*

BY LIBBIE LLOYD ELSEY

Porky, porky, drink your fill,  
Gobble up your milk and swill,  
On your sides discreetly park it  
So you'll suit the British market.

A pig not only makes a wonderful pet; he is also the finest little mortgage lifter you ever saw. When it is two minutes old, it is as spry as a human is at two years, and spryer than some of us ever become. No matter how tired one may be after a long day's battle with the elements or how weary with pondering man's inhumanity to man, to look in at the pigs, as your good stockman does on a cold winter's night the last thing before retiring, and have them all look up at you with interest, is as good a tonic as was ever discovered. It is as potent as penicillin.

"It is not the rights we enjoy but the duties we impose on ourselves that give us our nobility." Pigs are noble. When the litter has been taught all the things they should know for self-preservation and self-improvement and are then weaned, the mother pig lies within calling distance from them at nights until they become used to being away from her. She would remain near them through a hailstorm and exposed to the elements (if there should be a pig-owner so callous as not to have made better arrangements for her). They have this instinct of protection before the litter is even born. If not properly housed, they have been known to go as far as two miles to get away from the other pigs, before farrowing. All animals have this love of privacy, but pigs require it most of all.

Pigs are also beautiful. Parenthood has been called glorified egotism, and we—in *statu parentum*, as it were—may see characteristics that only a very keen and especially intelligent observer would note. Beauty, according

to the Concise Oxford Dictionary, is a combination of qualities, as shape, proportion, colour in human face or form, or in other objects, that delights the sight; combined qualities delighting the other senses. It is a lovely glory I feel as I walk back and forth, carrying a heavy pail, withal—the younger 107 pigs having already been fed—with thirteen large sows bumping into me, meaning no harm, of course, nor even inconvenience, whilst one special sow that has constituted herself a sort of outrider, walks back and forth with me, close by my side, until these same thirteen are all feeding. Then I say, "All right," and she goes into her special place. Just this one routine never fails to delight not only my sight and all the other senses, but those of "the enemy" as well—a husband is a kind of dear enemy—for I tell him about it every time he tells me about some cute thing the calves or horses have done, not by way of competition you understand, but it seems to be human nature to mention our own spheres of endeavour. However, I do try to let a decent interval elapse before switching from cows to pigs.

When telling something we think interesting to a friend, it is so pleasing to see a gleam come into his eyes, the sparkle that we take to be interest in our story, but alas! and alack! all too often his eye lights up with the thought of what *he* is going to tell *us* if we ever leave off long enough to give him a chance. I have seen them, myself, but I never tire of hearing the Enemy describe how Sookey or Spotty or Blackie will look down their noses, like a coy, shy maiden\* as he approaches. If he passes by unheeding, how sad they look, but if he turns back and strokes them, how quickly does their expression change, for who of us does not like a little attention now and then! One special attention that I had from only a calf boosted by morale for months. One of our cows that managed its own life had a calf in the bitter January of this year. As is so often the case with rugged individualism, the vested interests have to come to the rescue or all will be lost, so we had to look after Molly, as we named the calf. We brought her into the house and put her in the woodbox that I, in a mood of beauty, had painted and put castors on, but which I, in great folly, had made big enough to hold a four-weeks-old calf. Perhaps because she was a throw-back to a less highly bred and pampered stock, she made no nationalist, strident demands upon us, gave just a nice, low, pleasant "moo" each morning at what should be rising time and whenever it was feeding time. We taught her her name and she would always answer when we spoke to her, answer with interest, not with that infuriating husbandly mumble. Once, during that time, I had occasion to be absent for about twenty-four hours. When I returned and opened the door, Molly gave the loudest and gayest "moo" she had ever uttered. Was I ever pleased when the Enemy told me she wouldn't speak to *him* once all the time I was away! I forthwith looked up Waistcoats, women's, in Eaton's Catalogue—I wanted one to stick my thumbs in. Another calf, Alice, a conformist, was born in March when the weather was uncommonly bleak. I was alone, except for a nephew who had just called. He

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\*Coy, shy maiden: a pre-twentieth century product. Present readers may not have seen any. Whatever else they lacked, they certainly knew their *métier de femme*—a good thing to know, I feel sure. I do know that not knowing it properly is a great inconvenience. L.L.E.

looked after the mother and explained that almost anyone else would put the calf in the barn, but he was sure Ara would take her to the house. I was sure he would, too, so into the woodbox she went. In the weeks that followed, if any mention were made as to Molly's greater progress, Ara would say that Alice didn't have the same chance—she was in the house only ten days, whereas we kept Molly inside for three whole weeks. However, they were both nice, so I didn't mind—much.

Cows, horses, dogs are jealous, like people, but pigs aren't so noticeably afflicted. Our old horse, Baldy, that died this spring at the age of 43, was terribly jealous of the other horses and liked to feel it was he that kept the farm going. Once a year, if we happened to be doing our own cultivating, we would hitch him up and put him in the lead place. When he came to the corners, he would stop and look directions at the others. You could see the self-importance and pleasure in his eye as he raised his head and gave them the signal to start.

Pigs are very intelligent, but it would take more than the allotted space to give proofs of this fact. To one who voices doubt, I explain as patiently as possible, but if he looks skeptical, I think no more of it and dismiss him from my mind as one of Samuel Butler's "Montrealers."

There is nothing cleaner than a pig if he has a chance at all. If his owner doesn't do his part in this matter, the pig will develop a laissez-faire about the whole thing—and we all know to our sorrow and shame what laissez-faire has done in our allegedly superior Human Kingdom. Pigs teach us to be honest. Day by day we can see for ourselves that if we are fair to them, they will never let us down. And they are not as greedy as your humans—they will settle for only Two Freedoms, dry quarters and a well-balanced diet.

You can bring pigs up tough, and they will develop stamina, just as your street urchin learns to take care of himself. Our pigs would let a cross dog maul them unmercifully; so totally unfamiliar are they with this world's supply of harshness that they would never dream of fighting back. On the other hand, their complete trust in us is a great help and time-saver when we measure them for market. They will lie right down, and the others will come up for the same treatment. Now that the equinoctial weather is upon us,\* they save us time in other ways. Spotty and Bridget have the current young litters and are living small, safe days, shut in for the most part with them. Sometimes, when they are let out in the morning, instead of going back in, they will stand at the door of their pens, grunt something to the little ones and neither go in nor go out. Soon they all go out, and we know the day will be fine. We can then arrange our day's work—and at this time of the year, a day's work on a farm sounds more like a Five-Year Plan.

The very first time out after farrowing, the Sow goes to first one and then another of her friends and tells them of her fine new bunch (every new lot of pigs seems just a bit nicer than the last one). Pigs, being less false than humans, listen only as long as they are interested, so she goes on to tell the next one. A proud parent with her pram will wait until someone voices admiration for her child, but a pig doesn't wait for such

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\*Mrs. Elsey's article was intended for the October issue. Ed.

prompting. Similarly, grandparents are wiser than parents: they *know* that their grandchildren are of great interest to everyone. They also know that you can tell a greater number about them if you waste no time waiting to be asked.

If one pig is in distress, the others will run to its aid; and if two are fighting too intently, the older pigs will go and separate them. There are no bullies among them; a big pig will not pick on a little one.

Once upon a time there was a very wise Ruler. One day two of his women subjects came to him to settle a dispute. Each claimed as her own a child whose hands they held. To which one would he give it by Royal Decree? After much thought, he said, "Cut the child in two and each take a half." Immediately one woman cried, "No, I will give him up." The Ruler then knew which was the real Mother. We are reminded of that tale when someone comes and wants us to sell a sow (fond of them as I am, I could still be happy with a smaller number). We forget all about the hours they use up if we have a suspicion that the prospective buyer, a decent citizen otherwise, might be one of those who keep animals only for profit, who think a pig is a pig and a cow is a cow, only that and nothing more. "She's not a very good sow" from either of us means, "Don't let him have it; he's not fit to own her."

There are people who really believe you should keep pigs hungry. It is a good thing to have an appetite, and we are told to take lots of exercise, but it is common for an invalid to outlive his excessively active comrades. We prefer to feed our pigs enough, and good wheat at that. There is no Hoverture from the Hogestra when we draw near their troughs.

The farmer used to depend upon fat steers to help balance the budget, but now with the cry everywhere of "Faster! Faster!" he has turned to swine for quicker returns. During the depression years when wheat hovered around 24 to 30 cents, barley seven cents and oats six, many farmers sold a 200 lb. pig for \$2.50. We refused to sell either grain or pork at those prices. The proprietor, being a meat-curer also, kept his pigs until they weighed 600 lbs. or so, and sold them dressed for \$25.00. What we didn't sell fresh, we cured. People who had declaimed against heavy meat (see Wiltshire Sides argument), would speak in advance for some. They learned what we forget everyone doesn't know, namely, that fat is not meant to be eaten as meat; it is cooked with the meat to flavor the lean and is intended to be rendered later.

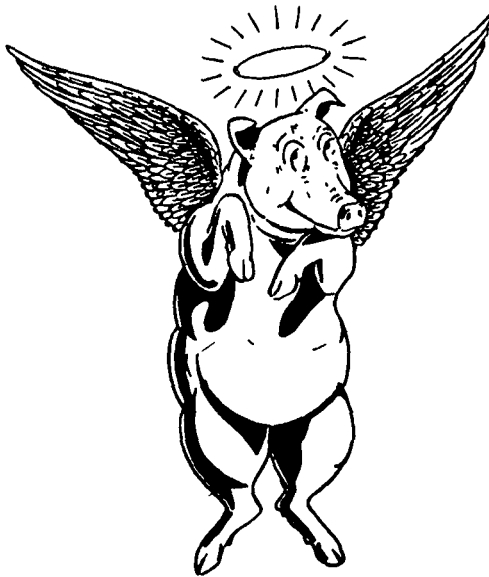
With the professions one always has the retirement age in mind, but the old-age limit has no dread for the person in the hog business. He may be "old and grey and full of sleep," but as long as he can get about he can still look after a few pigs. Punctuality is not as all-important with them as is the case with cows. It will give him just enough exercise, physically, and as he potters about, his mind will be occupied. He will think about this old friend and that one as he notes that one pig is bold, another timid, and that some of the near-market size swagger around as if "dressed to the nines, and drinking." An elderly man who had looked after pigs for over sixty years used to remark that if there was a place in Heaven for animals, he hoped there would be room for his Old Sow.

I know I can think of nothing nicer if I should happen to go there, than to look around and see our old Spotty coming to meet me.

That Paradise the Arab dreams,  
Is for less sand and more fresh streams.  
The only Heaven an Indian knows,  
Is hunting deer and buffaloes.  
The Yankee Heaven—to bring Fame forth  
By some freak show of what he's worth.  
The Heaven that fills an English heart,  
Is Union Jacks in every part.  
The Irish Heaven is Heaven of old  
When Satan cracked skulls manifold.  
The Scotsman has his Heaven to come—  
To argue his Creator dumb.  
The Welshman's Heaven is singing airs—  
No matter who feels sick or swears.

[W. H. Davies]

My own brand of Heaven is a combination of all of these, but with a small corner set aside for me and my pigs.



## THE NEW TRAIL

*A Quarterly Report of Campus Activities*

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*Quisquis Alumnus erat,  
gratus Alumnus erit*

Seventeen hundred "members of the University," seventeen hundred of the academic staff, sub-staff, graduates, and undergraduates have taken the King's shilling and are now in uniform. A dozen have won distinction, hundreds have earned promotion, seven are prisoners of war, and forty will not "grow old as we that are left grow old; Age shall not weary them nor the years condemn."

What a class they would make, our forty! Nay, what classes they have made, our seventeen hundred! Some of them will be back again. Let us pray that the stress and strain of these years may not have unfitted our instructors for the time when these who have ranged far and grown familiar with peril, when these who have added experience and authority to their birthrights, return to us. To have taught anywhere else, is to rejoice simply in being a teacher at Alberta; but when the lads come home, shall we be worthy of them?

It might have been expected that large numbers of our students would enlist. Green and gold! The green may be for youth, but the gold is for quality. It might have been expected that those remaining on the campus would contribute nearly fifteen thousand dollars to the war. In terms of individual student budgets on a campus not known for its wealth, fifteen thousand dollars means a great deal in clothes a little shabbier and in meals a little slimmer. These things might have been expected, for members of the University could be counted upon to understand the meanings of things.

The child is father of the man: what our students are and promise, surely our graduates must be. These do not need to be told of the value of the University to the students and to the Province, indeed to Canada. Its value to themselves they can

measure by their salaries and by the deep satisfactions that education brings. Its value to the country at large, they have the trained intelligence to appreciate. The University will never, however, present a bill to them for services rendered; but it might well expect them, as educated persons, to recognize the debt that all men owe to the future.

This debt is not always paid. Many evade it. Many pay in counterfeit coin. So, all the authors of our present woe. Many even rob the future: have we not known "miners of the soil" and wasters of natural resources in Canada? Some there remain whom the world blesses, the benefactors of all the future. Among these, the University confidently expects her graduates to be listed.

The war will last longer in its secondary effects on the campus than elsewhere. The enrollment is expected to double when the war ends. Staff and equipment that have been overstrained since the beginning, will continue to suffer long after hostilities cease. It is at such a time that a word of encouragement is needed, a gesture of support. And the idea of the "Friends of the University" is just that. The annual pledge is nominal: it permits even the poor to make their voices heard. First presented at a dinner of the Edmonton alumni, the idea of the Friends won instant support. Business men are now taking it up in Edmonton and Calgary. The alumni, we feel sure, will not lack at least equal enthusiasm.

And so, though we disagree with his sentiment and make no *claim* on alumni, for want of better words—and because many would agree with the sentiment—we frame this editorial at beginning and end with a quotation from one of the most lovable of the minor figures of England's Literature, Thomas Fuller:

*A grateful man will feed  
The Place which did him breed.*

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### *Midwinter*

The days draw in, and in the late and early dark the old Professor smiles his wry smile to think that even if rosy-fingered Dawn were in the sky, or sunset crimson in the west, or even the full blaze of summer noon, he would still be unable to see the wood for the trees. Onward he plods in the eerie light of daylight-saving dark, and marvels once again that no Canadian artist has yet caught the mystery of the silence of snow. For there ahead, cutting across his path at the dim end of vision, darker figures loom in long procession towards the Arts Building—and not a voice nor a footfall can be heard. Marching columns of sailors and soldiers move as silently as shadows across a wall. Even the new daylight lighting of the University, burning blue in some of the rooms against the normal golden

hue of other windows, only adds to the eeriness of things. It is all as weird as a silent gale; it fills the mind with images of "the melancholy flood, With that grim ferryman which poets write of," and the pagan underworld: *Umbrarum hic locus est, somni mortisque soporae—*

This is the home of shadows,  
Drowsy with dreams and death.

There is always that in the first morning class, however, that takes the creak out of old joints and lifts the weight from weary shoulders. The academic log with professor at one end and students at the other is a finer beast than Pegasus, more magical than Sinbad's carpet. In a good class, it is never necessary to call the roll, and the Professor could almost tell the time of the year by the faces before him. When the wild and woolly colts come first off the ranges, the roll-call is a medley of "Here," "Present," and "Uh-huh." By mid-November, they have all of their own accord settled into "Sir." "Sir" to them he will always remain. The Professor finds it pleasant, this outward respect; he flatters himself that now they *know* him! At the first of the year, the ringing of the bell is the signal for a stampede. A little later, the class will courteously permit him to put a period to his sentence. Later still the day comes when the class of its own will continues to question after the ball has rung—and the Professor knows that the ancient miracle has again been achieved. In senior classes, thinking of the right of his colleagues to punctuality, he sometimes has to shoo them all away. But always, if he has sense, the Professor ascribes that one-ness of teacher and class, this mystery of communion, to powers beyond and above. He would sign himself at beginning and end, after the fashion of elder days, "in nomine Domini." For the good teacher, whatever his outwardness, whatever his morals or his creed, is essentially a religious. So it has been since the monks spelled the little children through the Christ-cross row in their hornbooks; so it will be while time endures.

Noon, and the scurry for lunches. It is a merry throng that streams along the paths. Automobile traffic grows thin as the war continues, but bicycles whizz by along the rounded drive, and the "Varsity bus," packed to the doors, careens around the corners. The old four-wheeled monstrosity itself seems to perk up at noon, take a new lease of life, and jazz down its appointed route with a youthful kick of the heels, a joyous abandon.

Conferences—what fine young lads they are, these Alberta boys! And the girls! Elsewhere, almost every girl is suspect: they toil not, neither do they spin; yea, verily, they ply not their books, but their professors. Not at Alberta. At Alberta, they are not so much guileless, as beyond guile; they would not stoop to cheap practices. No doubt as examinations draw near, there may be more worry than work; but, as the Professor somewhat wistfully reflects, "It takes a life-time to perfect a man! When some few of the elders lack a little of the ideal, we must not expect too much of inexperience." The present youth is the best the world has known—and there an end. Turn the key in the lock, and home in the early dusk.

And there an end—yet if any doubted the quality of our boys and girls, he should have been present at the Remembrance Day ceremony. No orders were issued that all should attend, no high pressure salesmanship flooded the campus, yet many hundreds were there simply because they



wished to be. Grey heads were few in comparison. No cynic could doubt the sincerity of these young ones; it was evident and deeply moving. The drawing tables had not been moved out, hundreds of boys and girls stood or perched in the workroom that crowded conditions have made of Convocation Hall—and the workroom became a cathedral. Nor was it the music alone, beautiful as it was, that inspired the solemn mood; the air was charged with the intensity of youth and idealism. A short service perfectly and reverently solemnized, without a leader, without an order, with only a printed programme that gave no instructions. Thinking again of that scene as he trudges homeward, the old Professor feels once more the wonder of serious young faces, stilled to reverence. And yet *they* can have lost no loved ones twenty-five years and more ago: "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, that he should mourn for her!" And through the gathering dusk from the land of shades there steals to his side again that bright-faced lad he "lost awhile," his faithful companion, lo, these many years: "Old comrade, friend, we did not die in vain."

Night and the meetings. The view from Steen's, perhaps, fairyland itself with the frosty lights twinkling across the valley: "You would not think," says the Professor, "that there was any wickedness or evil in the whole world—but there is." There is, indeed, and there is turmoil and greed and war; but some fine things remain. There remains the view from Steen's itself, there remains the clear purity and exhilaration of Alberta air and sunshine, there remain the northern lights aspiring to the zenith in a thousand leaping-fading hues and forms, there remain "the sterres in the frosty night," there remain old friends chatting idly home from meetings, and—best of all—there remain fresh young faces in tomorrow's class, youth, and the promise of a better world.

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### *The Editor Says:*

Credit *The New Trail* with a scoop! We are the first to announce the new scholarships listed on page 25.

If the modern world knows how to build a finer monument in perpetuity than university endowments, the Editor confesses his ignorance of it. Such a monument is an investment both in democracy and in that enlightenment without which democracy cannot exist. And it is permanent: time wears away all other things, but the name of Duke Humphrey of Oxford is as green today as it was in the fourteenth century. While we congratulate ourselves as recipients, or custodians, we

may also properly congratulate the Calgary Associate Clinic on the form of their monument to Dr. Macnab—and we may suggest that, except that it is society in general that will receive the dividends, Standard Investments Limited have discovered a proposition whose returns will represent a very high yield indeed. All Alberta, and not Calgary alone, will be pleased that "R.B." is home again, in still another way a living influence in the Province wherein he was formerly a household word, in the Province that already owes him, and to which he owes, so much.

\* \* \*

C. D. Gordon concentrates much in little, and shows that, whether they are learned or not, the lessons of history are there to be read. It is almost shocking to realize that appeasement can work—provided the appeasee is so weak that he could be easily polished off if one took the trouble. F/O Gordon interrupted his post-graduate studies in Ancient History at Ann Arbor several years ago to join the RCAF.

One does not associate long with professors of an older generation without hearing of Libbie Lloyd Elsey. She is one of our best loved graduates. The Editor with some friends met the legendary Libbie upon a summer's day at the riverside farm where she lives, and found in her clear frank eyes and in the perpetual surprisingness of her speech and ideas some of the reasons why those who lectured at her in earlier days, still remember her and speak of her in lyric accents. She showed us her pigs. We have seen pigs before; we shall no doubt see pigs again; but Libbie's pigs are individual, etched firmly in the memory. Having charmed "Me and My Pigs" out of her, we shall die happy with one further item: her husband's story of the death of Baldy, the horse that for 43 years possessed their farms and their hearts.

To the Friends of the University we again give generous space. May their tribe increase!

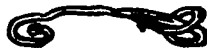
Jules Tuba gives us practical hints on health! Can the value of this little

service of the Department of Biochemistry be measured in dollars and cents! The same department is also concerned in the work of the Blood Clinic, the overtown part of which is described by Dr. Margaret Collins.

A. G. McCalla writes a modest statement regarding Titan, our new barley. Here is something whose value might be estimated, at least roughly, in dollars and cents; and the University can be proved to have returned to the Province twenty times the amount invested in higher education.

\* \* \*

Some day the Editor would like to linger for a moment by some camp fire along the trail and tell the story of the first hard year: how many heartening letters he has received, how many kindnesses he has taken to his heart, what splendid co-operation he has received—from the print shop, from the President, from members of the faculty, from fellow-editors, from contributors, and from friends in "the wide, wide world" whom he has never seen or known. He would like to carve up somewhere on some tree trunk or boulder along the trail the names of those who have sent in gifts in the hope that this little letter from home might keep on coming. But words are only words; let us rather ease into the pack again, adjust the tump-strap, stamp out the ashes of the last fire, and set off down the trail into Volume II.



## *New Scholarships*

### MONUMENTS IN PERPETUITY INVESTMENTS IN DEMOCRACY

#### THE VISCOUNT BENNETT PRIZES AND SCHOLARSHIPS

The Right Honourable Viscount Bennett, P.C., K.C., LL.D., D.C.L., of Calgary and Mickelham, has donated a substantial sum to found and endow prizes and scholarships open to students who have resided for at least five consecutive years in Calgary, or within twenty miles of that city, or in Banff National Park. The award of these prizes or scholarships will be based upon the academic attainments of the candidates. The scholarships will be tenable in any year in any subject or field of learning approved by the Governors of the University. No amount has yet been fixed for individual prizes or scholarships, but they will be large enough to be a real help to the winners.



#### THE PRESIDENT'S SCHOLARSHIPS

Through the good offices of Mr. H. H. Parlee, K.C., Chairman of the Board of Governors, Standard Investments Limited have donated a fund to found and endow the President's Scholarships. For the present at least, these will be open to competition by honours students in Mathematics, Physics, the Humanities, and the Social Sciences. Proficiency in studies will be the primary basis of the award, but personal qualities and evidence of serious purpose will also be considered. A successful candidate will receive a prize of \$100, applicable to fees at the time of registration, and may be given a supplementary grant of like amount or more, if there is financial need. The first of these scholarships will be available for the session of 1944-45.



#### THE DOCTOR D. S. MACNAB BURSARY

The Calgary Associate Clinic has founded the Doctor D. S. Macnab Bursary of \$250, available to undergraduates or recent graduates in Medicine. The award will be based upon academic record, with due consideration of financial need and potential professional capacity. For undergraduates the bursary will provide assistance during their regular courses at the University of Alberta; and for graduates it will give aid to post-graduate studies in Medicine or Surgery, including the special branches of these fields.

## *Around the Campus*

The death of Professor Cornish, respected and loved by students and staff alike, shadowed the early part of the winter. To not a few of his colleagues in this fifth year of the war, the knowledge that Professor Cornish's first illness was due to overwork, and that he was as truly a war casualty as if he had been struck down in the field of battle, brought also a selfish chill sense of foreboding. *Absit omen.*

How magnificent are the unsung heroes! It is a staff member who writes these words, but he would feel remiss in duty not to say a word for the many in the University, from the President down, who cheerfully and with no ostentation carry twice or three times their peace-time duties. It is, after all, only a colleague who could appreciate the weariness and the exhaustion that accelerated courses and extra duties bring. "After the war," says one, "I'm going to read a book." But the quality of their work is just as good as ever, and their determination that the hungry in their classes shall be fed remains as severe and selfless.

An indication of this interest in the welfare of students was the inauguration this year by the Freshman Committee of a series of lectures for Freshmen on "How to Study," "How to Use the Library," "How to Read a Book," and "How to Prepare for and to Write Examinations." Such are the inroads of the armed forces on the University day that each of these lectures had to be given twice, but few Freshmen missed any of them though attendance was voluntary, and upper-classmen have desired the same or similar lectures for themselves.

*Evergreen and Gold* this year indulges in a novel method of advertis-

ing. The Editors have published several issues of a single sheet called *The Orphan* to dramatize their need of assistance and of student interest. The very title of this jazzy sheet, to say nothing of its report on the Cafeteria as a "soup kitchen," proves that the student sense of humor survives and is, like Mistress Quickly, "a thing to thank God on."

For it is not all fun being a student in war time. One lad placed an ad. in *The Journal* asking for room and board. How *does* campus morale survive without residences! And these looming and shining in magnificent bulk just across the way. A woman answered his ad.—by telephone of course—saying that he could "get excellent room and board at No. 3 Manning Depot." The lad was physically unfit for service, and had been rejected by the Army, Navy, and Air Force. An isolated case of the many that might be cited of students treated with humiliation and contempt. The root of all evil, of course, remains the policy of our Government; and it would take far wiser heads than any yet exhibited in Canada to tell a lad so fortunate—or unfortunate—as to own both brains and physique just what he *ought* to do on reaching military age.

They are the right stuff, these Alberta lads. In spite of the humiliation and contempt, in spite of the thousand and one difficulties and inconveniences to which they are subject in war time, they had already contributed—by canteen, ambulance, etc.—more than \$12,000 to the war before purchasing this year \$2,500 worth of war bonds.

For a time this year the campus almost lost its richest source of perennial humor—the "Varsity bus" dis-

appeared. For a few days a grey and white caterpillar with bulging eyes sped from Arts to Steen's to the residences to Arts to Steen's, but the dear familiar old uncouth ugly rattletrap returned, and our hearts leaped for joy. Perhaps it had suffered a more than usually severe attack of arterio-sclerosis or had a run-down feeling; all that was necessary was a rest and a new set of monkey glands before it returned, the symbol of timeless youth and love and laughter. It should be christened Falstaff, "I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."

Did we say, "Arts to Steen's"? Steen's is no more. Mr. Steen has sold out to the Corner Drug Stores, but the location has always been called, and should always be called, "Steen's."

Deans seem to be in demand down East. No sooner do we get Dean Rankin back to the great pleasure of the whole Medical Faculty than we lose Dean Smith for a year. His going is like the extraction of a molar that leaves an unconscionable hole. The Arts Faculty, however, with Dr. Gordon acting Dean and Dr. Long acting Head of the History Department, and with further shifts and accommodations down the line, is bloody perhaps but unbowed. Meantime the Faculty of Agriculture weathered the briefer absence of Dean Sinclair, and every horse and chicken and tractor on the University farms wore a smile for his return.

A more permanent loss is caused by the retirement of Miss Misener from the Department of Classics. Miss Misener remains to the Editor the delightful young lady with the musical voice and merry laugh whom he met at Chicago in 1921. How many others, students and colleagues alike, must have been captivated in the interval by her perennial charm!

The Political Science Club has been trailing big game this year. When they went after Tim Buck, they may have suffered a little from buck fever, but they have since dragged into camp Mrs. Cora T. Casselman and M. J. Coldwell. No doubt they could now bring down Josef Stalin or Winston Churchill with perfect *sang froid*. The meetings have been well attended and show that students are aware of some of the complexities and perplexities of the "wide, wide world."

The same initiative has appeared in *The Gateway* under G. A. Larue. On acquiring a definite statement from University authorities regarding Christmas examination requirements, *The Gateway* sought and published similar statements from other Canadian universities. The requirements of various universities are so divergent in appearance as to be distinctly shocking in a country in which it might have been presumed that all students were treated alike. When it asked for comment, *The Gateway* did not ask in vain, but was able to frame a letter from President Newton in a page of indignation. The President pointed out that only about five per cent of our students were reported to Selective Service at Christmas last year because of unsatisfactory university work, and that this figure was practically an average one for the country at large. Nevertheless, Alberta in requiring that a student pass five out of five courses at Christmas, or four out of five with an average of 55—60 in some faculties—is obviously not in the same class with a proud old historical university that permits four failures out of five with an average of 45, or another that permits an average of 35. On the face of things, Alberta's peace-time requirements are more severe than the war time requirements of any other Canadian university.

It is of course easy to say that facts and figures do not mean anything and that standards are not what they seem. But if the pass mark is 50—as it is everywhere—there is an obvious difference between an average of 35 and one of 55 that is difficult to explain away. The net result is that now when the fun is over, our Professors can think of tax-paid money without misgivings in a university whose standards are defensible, while our students retain a secret pride in belonging to an institution whose standards are demonstrably high.

A few of the universities reported, seem to surround their requirements with secrecy and hugger-mugger. We may congratulate ourselves that we belong to one of those which publishes the facts and sticks to open and honest plain dealing.

The League for Canadian-Soviet Friendship has established a chapter

in Edmonton under the chairmanship of Dr. George Hunter and with the support of many members of the University. The University supports also the new movement for adult education in Canada and in Alberta. Its alertness to the needs of the future is indicated by the fact that chairs in Russian and Chinese are now under discussion. These, no doubt, will come after the establishment of a chair in American Literature for which the Woods Collection in the University Library supplies a splendid fund of first-hand materials.

Two years ago when the Gasoline Testing Laboratory was built north of the North Lab., the irreverent on the campus said that the North Lab. had brought forth a pup. A second pup has now appeared behind it, a building for testing Alberta coal. If important work can be done in these structures, may the canine tribe increase!

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## *University Honor Roll*

*These are they whom we delight to honor*

### AWARDS

#### Distinguished Flying Cross

Flying Officer Robert John Clark, RCAF, Applied Science '37-'40, November 22, 1943.

Flight Lieutenant Rodney Thirsk Phipps, RCAF, Applied Science '38-'40, November 13, 1943.

#### Military Cross

Lieutenant John Alpine Dougan, Loyal Edmonton Regiment, B.A. 1942, November, 1943.

### CASUALTIES

#### Killed in Action

Pilot Officer Walter Gray Arnold, RCAF, Applied Science '40-'42, November 11, 1943.

Pilot Officer Joseph Leon Gibault, RCAF, B.A. 1932, M.A. '39, November 24, 1943.

Flight Lieutenant Verdun McDonald, RCAF, Arts and Medicine '35-'38, November, 1943.

Sergeant Pilot Howard Mark McLaughlin, RCAF, Agriculture '39-'40, October, 1943.

**Missing**

Flight Lieutenant Joseph C. Redmond, RCAF, Applied Science '35-'39, on routine flight in Newfoundland, November 13, 1943.  
 Flying Officer William Stuart Sewell, B.Sc.(A) 1940, RCAF, November, 1943.  
 Flight Lieutenant James Arthur Whiston, RCAF, Arts and Medicine '34-'38, November, 1943.  
 Flight Sergeant Pilot Alan Wilmot Young, RCAF, B.A. 1937, on routine flight on east coast of Canada, October 29, 1943.

**Missing, Presumed Dead**

Surgeon Lieutenant Norman Allin Terwillegar, RCNVR, Medicine '35-'36, Early Italian Invasion, September, 1943.

**Wounded**

Flying Officer Jack A. Butterfield, RCAF, Ag. '41, spinal injuries, September 3, 1943.  
 Lieutenant John Gordon Cormie, Calgary Highlanders, Ag. '39-42, wounded in Italian Invasion, October 11, 1943.  
 Major Agnes McLeod, RRC, RCAMC, Sicilian Invasion, August, 1943.  
 Flying Officer Alfred Herbert Russell, RCAF, Applied Science '36-'39, slightly injured, December 4, 1943.  
 Flying Officer Merrill Wolfe, RCAF, B.A. 1941, slightly injured while on operations in Mediterranean Area, October, 1943.

**HONOUR ROLL**

The War Records Committee is grateful to those readers who have been good enough to furnish information for the Honour Roll. In order to maintain correct, complete, and up-to-date records the Committee renews its appeal for assistance and particularly hopes that service men and women and their next-of-kin will report changes of rank and address to the Assistant Registrar, University of Alberta. The following names have been added since October:

**Navy**

Bissell, Erwyn Wallace  
 Burwash, Margaret Jean (WRCNS)  
 Fraser, William Ronald (Medical)  
 King, Edgerton Warren (Engineer)  
 McKernan, Neil C. (S.B.)  
 Scott, Lelia Eileen (WRCNS)

**Army**

Aikenhead, Marion Isabel (Sr. Dietitian)  
 Archibald, Wm. Seymour (Medical)  
 Blewett, John Campbell  
 Cherniawsky, D. Nester (Medical)  
 Crosman, Howard DeLong  
 Gainer, Walter Dunham  
 Hendrickson, William L.  
 Meyer, Robert Charles  
 O'Brien, Joseph Wesley  
 Sinclair, Donald Lamont  
 White, Robert Tait  
 Willox, Margaret Louise (Sr. Dietitian)

**Correction to Nov. '42 List**

Goodman, Benjamin (Medical)

**Air Force**

Bevan, Michael Richard  
 Charyk, John Constantine  
 Clarke, Robert John  
 Fefferman, Harry Lewis  
 Gainer, Herbert Lloyd  
 Horner, Ronald Hilborn  
 Kaser, Rudolph George  
 Knowles, George William  
 Lisson, Harold Stanley  
 McAfee, Norman Hugh  
 McCracken, Donald Philip  
 Meston, Archibald Frank  
 Negaard, John Armond  
 Parry, John Ogwen  
 Slipp, John Gillespie  
 Tillemann, Paul D.  
 Urquhart, Malcolm Charles  
 Williamson, Alexander Shaw  
 Willis, Robert St. Clair.

## *A Bit of Myself*

BY DR. MARGARET R. COLLINS

*(Joan has been a donor at the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic which was opened in Edmonton, October 4th, 1943.)*

I made my appointment by 'phone for last Tuesday morning at ten o'clock. They told me I would receive a post card advising me what to eat for breakfast: toast without butter and coffee without cream. (This is to make sure there is no free fat in the blood, as it will not dry.) I had been faithful to instructions, I was glad to reflect as I hurried down the steps into the basement of McDougall Church on 101st St. As the Clinic is so central, I didn't have to leave my office in the Civic Block until ten minutes to ten.

At the bottom of the steps I opened freshly varnished French doors and found myself in a bright modern office. My first thought was, "They have put in a skylight"—then I realized the impossibility of such a thing as I was in a basement. It was not daylight at all—it was the glow of fluorescent lighting, dropped from the high ceilings.

"Good morning," said the blue-uniformed secretary. "You ate fruit and no fats at all for breakfast?" I assured her that I had followed the directions on the card to the letter, and she gave me a green slip of paper with my name and number. Another blue-clad attendant showed me into the waiting-room on the left. I blinked—could this really be a clinic? Bright chintz curtains, with summer flowers and foliage on a cardinal background, against bright cream walls and woodwork; floors covered with marbolem in soft tones of brown and fawn; light maple chairs upholstered in blue and red leather. There was an attractive low centre table of the same light wood, on which lay current magazines. On stands were green plants, and several fine pictures hung on the walls—I was told these were lent by Edmonton artists.

I had just opened a magazine when I was asked to come over to a table in the corner, where a white-clad technician told me she was going to see if my blood was "red enough." She took a few drops from my thumb and measured it in a tiny glass tube, then dropped it into a larger tube and held it up to the light. After giving both tubes a very knowing look, she told me my "haemoglobin" was ninety-five per cent. I thought at first that this meant I had been found wanting, but she told me it was enough—if it had been under eighty per cent I should have been rejected and advised to take iron pills and to include liver, green vegetables, and whole grains in my diet.

My next stop was a little office adjoining, where I was asked a few medical questions, such as, "Have you ever had malaria or tuberculosis?" and so on. Then my blood pressure was taken. It was 115—if it had been below 90, I should have been turned back.

I felt I must be near the goal now. A Red Cross nurse guided me into a long bright room which reminded me of a hospital ward, only every one looked too healthy and happy; there was no tenseness nor anxiety. "Will



you please climb up here?"—I mounted the steps on to one of the five high, table-like beds, and there reclined, feeling quite like a Roman matron. The nurse in charge covered me with a satin-edged reversible throw in blue and pink, and asked me to pull up my left sweater sleeve and take off my wrist-watch. I saw a little padded shelf at my left, and soon my left arm was resting on it, the palm of my hand upward. There was even a tiny pillow for my elbow. The doctor came along, and after a pleasant greeting she inspected carefully the veins in the bend of my elbow. Then she put a rubber tourniquet around my upper arm, and asked me to squeeze the soft ball the nurse had put in my hand. She seemed quite pleased as she announced, "You have lovely veins." Then, "You'll feel just a tiny prick"—this was the local anaesthetic. I thought I'd better not watch the doctor inserting the needle through which the blood is drawn, and the next I heard was, "It's running beautifully," which I realized referred to my very own blood. I didn't feel anything at all, however. I quite forgot myself as I began to ask questions. I noticed one of the girls among the nurses wearing a dark blue uniform and white apron. She was a V.A.D., I was told.

"That's enough," said the nurse presently, as she took off the tourniquet, withdrew the needle from my vein, and put on a little dressing. (It had taken just eight minutes.) I did want to see how much blood I had given, so when I assured the nurse I wouldn't faint at the sight, she showed me a pint bottle three-quarters full of blood. I said, "But I thought it would be red," and she reminded me that it was venous blood, which is bluish.

I began to feel very hungry, and a "floating" nurse, as they call them, took my arm and led me through another door—and here was a little café, modern and shining, staffed by Junior Hospital League girls wearing pretty coral uniforms. I didn't feel at all faint, but the nurse said I must lie down for five minutes, so I rested on a couch (daintily upholstered in pastel shades). Most of the other women and girls seemed, like me, quite unaffected, though one said she felt a little queer. When the five minutes had passed, I joined the coffee party that my brother bragged about the day he was a donor. How good that coffee was! The crisp hot toast really had butter on it—even jam.

I suddenly realized that I had said I'd be back at the office in an hour, so I said good-bye to everyone. A nurse asked me if I would like a ride back to the office. For a member of the Alberta Women's Service Corps, in her air-force-blue uniform and black beret with its gold maple leaf insignia, said she was ready to take me. But I thanked her and said that I didn't need a ride as the distance was so short. I went through a hall to get my coat off a rack in the office. I had made the "circle tour," and was back at the entrance. I felt triumphant, but deep down I felt grateful that the Red Cross had made it possible for me to give a bit of myself to help the boys over there.



### *NEW PHYSICS LABORATORIES*

The Department of Physics is receiving very favorable comment these days on its new laboratories in the basement of the Arts Building. Plans were drawn up last winter and the work was completed in the late summer. One of the rooms is devoted entirely to the training of naval artificers at



present, and the photograph shows a group with the naval instructors hard at work in a laboratory class.

The other, somewhat smaller, room is intended for laboratory instruction for session students in Physics.

Both of the rooms are bright and well equipped with apparatus, blackboards, electric power, gas and water and even a dark room for photography.

## In Memoriam

### JOHN W. SHIPLEY

When Dr. Shipley retired in 1941, he had built up an impressive and distinguished record in scholarship and research. He had been associated with many learned societies and received many honors.

Regular and faithful in his University duties, he contributed to many committees a clarity of judgment that was valuable to the continued growth of this institution.

Dr. Shipley was essentially a family man. He, Mrs. Shipley, and their four children made up a family group that shared many a vacation in the mountains and motor trips to more distant places; and the whole family loved sports and games. Dr. Shipley himself was especially devoted to curling and golf, as well as to hunting; but he loved best the winter nights, yes, and the train journeys when a congenial foursome would gather for a few rubbers around the bridge table.

His life was pleasant and useful if clouded at the end with illness. It is regrettable that he was not spared longer to enjoy the leisure which he had so well earned.

O. J. W.

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### WILFRED ERNEST CORNISH

The stress of war has again shown the true place and worth of the universities in the nation's life.

Wilfred Cornish served loyally and arduously to meet the urgent need for skilled workers and for trained air, military, and naval personnel. He died in service, and those who knew him honor him as one who gave everything in the national emergency.

He was altogether lovable and absolutely without pose. How cheerful he was, and how generous of time and skill!

In his love of home, in his practical ability, and in his zest for hunting he symbolized the virtues of Western Canadian life. Almost his last conscious act was to go for his beloved shot-gun. One of his hunting friends spoke the true word, "He was tops!"

A. J. C.

## Alumni Notes

I shall first refer to something that is close to all our hearts—the welfare of the “troops.” In the palmy days of 1940 and 1941 when sugar was unrationed and coffee came in tins, Christmas cakes as well as cigarettes were sent overseas. This year the gift has had to be restricted to cigarettes. Of the funds necessary, one half was provided by the Edmonton Branch of the Alumni Association, the other half by the Students’ Union of the University. A package of three hundred “fags” will go to the three hundred and forty-five “front-liners,” packages of two hundred to the nursing sisters in South Africa, and, what is most gratifying of all, packages of three hundred to the prisoners of war. In this connection may I urge relatives of prisoners to supply us with their complete addresses of which the most important parts are the *P. of W. number* and the *number of the camp*.

From all reports, Dean MacIntyre was well received on the occasion of his visit to Southern Alberta in November. The alumni officials in Medicine Hat, Lethbridge, and Calgary are certainly to be congratulated on the success of the meetings held in those centres. The Dean talked about a possible Federal World State under the title “Legal Seadust.” Here are a few phrases as quoted in *The Medicine Hat Daily News*: “The fallacy of recognizing any international law when there was no international state . . . the fact that mankind is organized into separate sovereign states is the cause of war. . . . The sense of protection against foreign invasion which sovereign states once offered has disappeared. . . . There is nothing that the separate sovereign state can offer the majority of its citizens that the

federated world state cannot offer and better secure.”

December was election month. Every year on January 15, six of the eighteen elected members of the Council retire after having served for three years. Those whose terms expire this year are Mrs. C. A. Brine '18, '24, Miss Esther Miller '27, E. W. S. Kane '20, '22, all of Edmonton; N. F. Priestley '16, president of the Calgary Branch, F. A. Rudd '23, '25, ex-chairman of the Lethbridge Committee, and K. W. Tookey '36, of Edmonton. As a result of the recommendations of the Nominating Committee and of “nominations from the floor,” so to speak, made by members in good standing, ballots were sent to these members and were due to be counted on January 2. The results will be announced in the provincial press and in the next issue. It is likely that the next meeting of the Council will be held at the University on January 29, 1944.

Now to some personal notes: The King's Birthday Honours List of last June included several alumni. The names of those who are in the armed forces were published in *The New Trail*, but the civilians were overlooked, and I must thank the alumna who reminded me of the omission. Here they are:

Dr. J. Collip, M.D. '26, D.Sc. '24, Companion of the Order of the British Empire.

Dr. J. G. Malloch, B.Sc. '24, M.Sc. '26, Member of the Order of the British Empire.

Dr. H. J. MacLeod, M.Sc. '16, Officer of the Order of the British Empire.

Congratulations, Gentlemen!

## 1912-1930

Here are some pertinent facts given by Rev. A. M. Rehwinkel '16, '18, '19: "After assisting to found, and instructing in, Concordia College, Edmonton, from 1922 to 1928, I moved to Kansas and, until 1936, was president of St. John's College, Winfield. Since then I have been a professor of theology at Concordia Seminary, St. Louis, Missouri." (801, De Mun Avenue.) . . "Just for the record I want to correct a statement made by J. A. Carswell '20," says Fred Batson of the same class. "He said, 'At one time all of our graduating engineers of '20 were in California.' I went to assure you that 50% of the Structural specialists never saw the land of sunshine. Elmer McKittrick went the way of the others but I shuffled off to Buffalo." (c/o Kittinger Co. Inc., 1893 Elmwood Ave.) . . Percy C. Scott '22 has since that time been a resident and a citizen of the United States. Now a Major in the USAAF, his permanent home address is 343 Euclid, Long Beach, California. He sends "good wishes and kindest remembrances to Class '22 as well as to other alumni who may remember me." . . George Wilson '23 writes from 3026 Glencoe Road, Calgary, asking to be transferred from the "dead weight" column to the active one. Your kind words are much appreciated, George! . . Lesley Heathcote '24, '28, breaks a long silence to write appreciatively from Seattle 5 (4023 Pasadena Place). I judge that she is still a member of the library staff at University of Washington although graduate work in history is also in the picture. . . From Vermilion, Alberta, Merle O'Brien (née Eubank) '25 writes to say that she is again teaching school and that her husband, Captain Jos. W. O'Brien '26, is doing prisoner-of-war work, his address being Apt. 3,

30 Cartier St., Ottawa. . . "I am still teaching at the Alexandra High School in Medicine Hat," says Robt. W. Harrison '26, "Have not yet met any second generation students, but it won't be long now." The mention of this school reminds me that, not so very long ago, that busy alumnus, J. T. Cuyler '38, was appointed principal. . . Here are a few addresses of graduates in the pre-1930 group: Mrs. Kenneth M. Royer (née Irma Raver '23), 104 South Walnut St., Mayville, Wisconsin; Elwood Butchart '24, 5870 Granville St., Vancouver, B.C.; Dr. Hugh W. Crawford '24, Medical Director, The Columbian National Life Insurance Co., 77 Franklin St., Boston, Massachusetts; Dr. Walter M. Kutz '25, Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Dr. W. G. Saunders '26, 310 25 St. East, North Vancouver, B.C.; Max H. Wershof '28, '30, Second Secretary, Canadian Legation, Washington, D.C.; A. T. Baker '28, Nemiscam, Alberta.

## 1931-1939

Did any members of Commerce '31 notice that a Mrs. Jean Stokes was recently repatriated from Japan? I rather think that this was the alumna who graduated as Jean Alice Reed, because she had a Chinese address at last knowledge. . . Dr. Paul Kumagai '32, Box 425, New Denver, B.C., says that reading *The New Trail* "is like meeting old friends and chums." . . After graduating in medicine and completing two years of internship at Toronto Western Hospital, Major J. Ralph Berry '34, '39 married Bertha Helena Liddy, RN, of Orangeville, Ont. They have a daughter, Helen Lorraine. He says, "F/L Jas. Francis '40 is back here on surgery; other recent arrivals on staff include Surg.-Lt. Jack Murray '36 (MDCM

McGill) and Pte. D. G. McAlpine '43 on rotating service." . . "We have a sizable colony of Alberta graduates here at Macdonald College P.O., P.Q.," says Grant Armstrong '35, '39 (Box 219), "These include Archie Nelson '39, '41 (Box 213), R. G. Menzies '42 (Box 216), and a recent arrival is Milton J. Bell '43." . . Kathleen Beach Hutton '37 works in the National Film Board along with Edith Spencer '38 and Beth Zinkan '39. Her husband, Capt. Lloyd Hutton '37, has been overseas for two years; her brother, Dr. Hugh Beach '32, '34, who was with the Geological Survey for years, "finally saw the light and went back to Alberta. He is now with the McColl-Frontenac Oil Co. in Calgary." . . A correction on the vocation of Kathleen M. Shelton '39. She is with the Wartime Information Board on industrial research; not, as stated in the previous issue, with the U.K. Inspec-

tion Board. She says that Magdalena Polley '34 has just joined the staff of the W.I. Board; that Hope Spencer '41 of WD, RCAF, has gone to the west coast; and that Marguerite Polley '38 (now Mrs. William Reid) is working at Ottawa with the National Research Council. Thanks, Miss Shelton; you magnanimously return good for evil! . . I can't resist quoting this request from Captain Judd Bishop '39, '40: "This miserable English winter with its rain and fog and lack of fuel will soon be on us again and I'll long for a nice comfortable forty below and five feet of snow. Please put a picture of the campus in winter in one of your next issues and make us all nice and homesick!" . . Some new addresses of pre-1940'ers: W. J. Gold '33, 135 11 Ave. N.E., Calgary; V. C. Hess '34, 1360 Dominion St., Winnipeg; Dr. F. O. Morrison, Box 299, Macdonald College, P.Q.; R. B. Christie



*Here you are, Judd!*

'34, Bruderheim; Lilian Leversidge '35, Westlock (teaching); David Dolgoy '35, Tadanac Staff House, Trail, B.C.; Jack Sylvester '38, 3528 Lorne, Montreal, P.Q.; Dr. T. J. Sullivan '38, Box 169, Cranbrook, B.C.; Isobell Sinclair '39, Oyen, Alberta; John E. Oberholtzer '39, '41, 1020 16 Ave. N.W., Calgary. *Wanted*—Address of Michael Rossi '39, '40.

#### 1940-1943

I had a very pleasant chat the other day with Lieut. Bill Sinclair '41, RCNVR, who was enjoying a "spot" of leave at home. He confirmed what many other service men have said—that overseas one meets University of Alberta people wherever one turns. . . Now a Ph.D.: G. A. LePage writes appreciatively of *The New Trail* on paper headed, "McArdle Memorial Laboratory, Cancer Research, University of Wisconsin, Madison." . . P/O Dougald S. Arbuckle '41 provides some news and also some of the needful which he collected (wish we had more who'd follow suit!). He says, "Dorothy Crozier '43, City Hall, St. Thomas, Ontario, has been visiting us here (Guelph). Beth Empey '43 is now in Toronto at Eaton's. Mac Urquhart, who picked up a U. of A. scholarship in '40 and later a Ph.D. from Chicago, is now a P/O in the RCAF. Kay Kelly '43 has been working in Montreal, but is being married in December." . . In the press of pastoral and other duties, such as a bit of horse shoeing, Rev. Charles Vogel '41, of Smoky Lake, takes time out to write a note of appreciation of the "letters from Home," as many are coming to call this publication. . . W. B. McFetridge '41, Suite 4, Imperial Apartments, Moose Jaw, is in the revenue branch of the Unem-

ployment Commission. He writes: "Before leaving Ottawa and since then I have seen many graduates: P/O W. A. Mitchell '36, RCAF; Lt. Jack Burrows '42, RCASC; Don Wilson (Med), RCAF; and Wing Commander Jack Canty '34. Ned Wright '37 has just returned from a successful career in New York with International Business Machines and is a Lieutenant in the newly established statistics branch of the RCOC; T. A. Binnie '37, 614 Huron St., Toronto, is with the Cost Accountant's Branch of the Finance Department. I also saw F/L Oatway '37 in Ottawa and Al Murray '37 who is now employed by the Civil Service Commission as an investigator. . . Capt. A. D. Baker is "somewhere in England" with the CDC. . . He went over with Capt. Mort Mickelson, also '42, and says he has very little reading matter on hand. What about this situation, Class '42? . . Margaret L. Willox '42 is now a sister dietitian in the RCAMC (Lieut.) serving at Sussex Military Hospital, Sussex, N.B. . . Jean Ball '43, 2322 Grape St., Denver, Colorado, has "been typing, riding in dog sleighs, flying to remote lakes and filing at Camp Canol. If I can get away, I hope to continue my studies in Anthropology during the winter term at the University of Chicago." New addresses for this group: E. Mary Gander (née Frost '40), 238 11a St. N.W., Calgary (Capt. Gander '40, 24 Field Ambulance, RCAMC, CAO); Dr. Violet Larsen '40, Leader, Sask.; Gordon E. McLure '40, c/o Neon Products of Western Canada, 1108 West Georgia St., Vancouver; Sub Lt. Gordon Darling '41, NPO, No. 12 FMO, St. John's, Newfoundland; Jeanette Farman '41, 1831 18 St. W., Calgary; Margaret Molloy '41, Box 129, Brooks, Alberta; Enid Meston



'42, 636 11 St. S., Lethbridge; Elbert Nielson '43, College Heights, Alberta.

In closing, may I wish all my readers a good New Year; and in

addition say to the overseas folk: "Be seeing you before long (I hope)!"

Yours very sincerely,

GEOFF.

## *In The Wide Wide World*

AGNES JEAN MacLEOD

B.A. 1924; B.Sc. (Nursing) 1927;

M.A. (Nursing, Columbia)

The subject of this sketch is one alumna who elected to follow knowledge for its own sake before training for a profession—and what it pity it is that there are not more like her! Agnes MacLeod is a shining example of the usefulness of "useless" knowledge. Add to such a beginning a thorough professional training in the art of nursing and the sum is a well-educated woman.

For the three years following graduation, Miss MacLeod was occupied as an instructor of nurses first at Lamont Hospital then at the University Hospital; at this time she also had a taste of field work with the travelling clinic of the Provincial Government. By now the urge to post-graduate study had become strong. Fortunately she was able to gratify this desire at the Manhattan Eye Ear Nose and Throat Hospital and at Teacher's College of Columbia University. Then back she came to the far west, as an instructor at the Vancouver General Hospital, and finally in 1937 to her Alma Mater, as Director of the School of Nursing. In the brief period that ensued before the outbreak of War, it is clear that Miss MacLeod was largely responsible for the growth and increasing importance of the degree course in nursing, so it is not surprising that the present day club for these students bears her name.

From the promptness with which Miss MacLeod "joined-up," one would

suspect a military ancestry. By 1940 she was serving overseas as a Nursing Sister with the Fourth Casualty Clearing Station (which is, or was, like a branch of the U. of A. Hospital); by 1942, as Major with No. 1 Neurological Hospital; in 1943, as Matron of the First Canadian General Hospital in Sicily; and, at last word, she became a patient in her own hospital, wounded by an enemy bomb. Small wonder that, in the King's Birthday Honors for June, 1943, the entry occurred: "Major Agnes MacLeod, Member of the Royal Red Cross (First Class)." Her fellow members of the staff, her classmates, and her friends salute her as a "good soldier."

ERNEST ROBERT TINKHAM

B.Sc. (Arts) 1927; M.S. (Montana);

Ph.D. (Minnesota)

It would be interesting to know just when this alumnus decided to make a career of entomology. Probably the course in biology and zoology which he took in his second year had something to do with it, but no doubt the two available courses in entomology taken in his senior years settled the matter finally. Once he left the University (and his native land, for some time), his movements were somewhat akin to those of the insects he studied. From state to state he followed his researches—Louisiana, Texas, Arizona, Nevada, and California—pausing only long enough in Montana to pick up a Master's degree. The next "hop" was a long one—to China. There

Mr. Tinkham took up an appointment at Lingnan University at Canton which enabled him to study the grasshoppers of Southern China, by means of coastal expeditions sandwiched in between periods of museum work. Just prior to the Japanese attack, he returned to this continent to continue Chinese studies while employed as a scientific artist at the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences.

The story of the following years resembles the travels of a butterfly which flutters, alights, then flutters again. The Department of Biology of Billings Polytechnic Institute in Montana; tracking the Katydid into the southwestern states and the Sierra Nevada; University of Arizona and State Experimental Station; grasshopper control in North Dakota and Arizona; and, next to the last, wild life biologist with the Federal Aid Division of the Arizona Fish Commission. From all these experiences grew two perfectly natural results—the publication of poems in several anthologies and the beginning of a book: *Life of the North America Deserts*. It will be seen that Dr. Tinkham has lived a full life, and, in doing so, has added lustre to the good name of his Alma Mater.

Dr. Tinkham is now a Lieutenant in the Sanitary Corps of the U.S.A. Medical Corps and is stationed at Boca Raton Field, Florida.

#### WILLIAM RITCHIE WATSON

B.A. 1926; LL.B. 1928

During the relatively short history of the University there have been in attendance some students who have worked under serious physical handicaps. "Bill" Watson was one of these. Unable from birth to use either arm, in 1923 he presented himself at the University bringing senior matriculation standing with honours; he was duly admitted to the combined course in Arts and Law.

The story of Mr. Watson's early life is a fascinating one. By the age of three he had learned to feed himself with his feet, of which a German surgeon was to write in 1937: "The ingenious ability and the unusual evolution of these feet is astonishing." All through school his writing was, as he says "long-foot" instead of long-hand. Although severely tried, this method was found adequate through the two years of Arts, but the transcription of case notes in Law was another matter. Mouth-writing proved to be the solution. From personal recollection the writer can certify that Mr. Watson's final examination papers were models of legibility—and the record certifies to their quality.

So far the difficulties, though serious, had been hurdled. However, in attempting to earn a livelihood Mr. Watson encountered some insurmountable obstacles. "I cannot have him in my office," said a prospective employer, "he will embarrass the other employees!" Thus was the way closed to the practice of his profession. Thereafter for three years his ambition grew and crystallized into the determination to help others who were physically handicapped. So he has spent the years since that time. In pursuit of that ideal he has written two autobiographical books: *My Desire* (three editions) and *I Give You—Yesterday*, from which the quotations in this article have been taken. He has lectured to Canadian Clubs from coast to coast and has studied the treatment of crippled children in several of the countries of Europe. In the preface to *I Give You—Yesterday*, Mr. B. K. Sandwell refers to the qualities displayed by the author as those recorded on Stevenson's memorial in St. Giles Cathedral: "Courage and gaiety and the quiet mind." What more need be said?

Mr. Watson's last known address was 2535 Kingsway, Vancouver, B.C.



## To Our Readers . . .

Incompetent, that's what we are. Incompetent. What with Friends, and Alumni, and non-Alumni thrashing around, we feel like something in the middle of a combined harvester and—anyway, we'll try to get it straight:

A subscription to the Friends (five dollars or more a year) will bring you complimentary copies of *THE NEW TRAIL*.

Active membership in the Alumni Association (one dollar a year) will bring you *THE NEW TRAIL*.

If you are not a graduate of the University, five dollars (or more) a year will still enroll you among the Friends—and bring you *THE NEW TRAIL*.

If you are not a graduate of the University, you cannot join the Alumni Association; but be consoled: a dollar a year will bring you *THE NEW TRAIL*.

If you have friends who, like yourself, are persons of taste, discernment, and intelligence, a dollar per person will bring them for a year *THE NEW TRAIL*.

In Italy, they say, all roads lead to Rome; but in the larger world all trails lead to . . . . .

Oh, well, it's all very complicated, but just fill in the cheque and trust the Alumni Association to do what's right by everybody. You might let us have your address too, and check where you would like to place your bet. Do you mind?

Yours, but somewhat confused,

THE EDITOR.

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